excuse, says he real loud, 'I have was as mad as a hornet at Jane. something for mashers like you." Perhaps I wasn't mad. Jane! hadn't even turned around, but the friends of the handsome man had. He led off and and everyone handed out a jolt or a kick. I was doing the best I could when the balance of the polishing I was Jane came rushing back into the down for, and by the way sister struggling bunch and explained is sympathizing with him about matters. I was so tickled not to the battle scars I gave him; it get more than one black eye and looks as if he would. I hate to not to be taken to the police sta- think of losing the partnership intion, that I tried to smooth the Witherly's store-but no more handsome's guy's feelings, for he polishing for me."

Said it would be a lesson to him not to butt in on a woman's jokes.

"Well, look at that coming down the street. Here's where I take off my hat to Jane and the Handsome Guy. I hope he gets

## ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE

The "tumult and the shouting" swell:

The party patriarchs appear; The delegations yip and yell, And cheer reverberates on cheer:

Above the fury and the fret, Who's looming up the one best best? -

Oblivion yawns for second best; Ambition's bark is on the shore:

The favorite son has sunk to rest (To mix another metaphor),

Will William run the roller o'er The sturdy frame of Theodore?

The Cannon boom's no longer heard.

A lonely hope remains for . Hughes;

To mention Lincoln is absurd. Philander Knox they dare not choose. .

Will Theodore enrapture us,

Or else some black Buceph-

There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.

And many a drouth 'twixt grass and hav:

And schemes, ye ken, o' mice and

Gang oft, as Bobbie said, a-glev.

We would a cryptic forecast TRrace-

A TRenchant man will win the race.

Norah-That poor woman must be deaf.

Bridget-Why, what makes you think so?

Norah-I saw her asleep in church this morning when the minister was preaching.

A sprained ankle is a lame excuse. sore to vigor o servant